THE

Faireſt of the Fair.

A Favourite Scots Song.

NANNIE wilt thou gang wi' me,
Nor ſigh to quit the ſlaunting town;
Can ſilent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot, and ruſſet gown?
Nae langer dreſt in ſilken ſheen,
Nae langer deck'd wi' jewels rare,
Say, canſt thou quit each courtly ſcene,
Where thou was faireſt of the fair?

O Nannie! when thou art awa,
Wilt thou not caſt a wiſh behind?
Say, canſt thou face the flaky ſnaw,
Nor ſhrink before the warping wind?
O! can that ſaft and gentle mein,
Severeſt hardſhips learn to bear;
Nor ſad regret each courtly ſcene,
Where thou was faireſt of the fair?

O Nannie! canſt thou love ſo true,
Thro' perils keen wi' me to gae;
Or, when thy ſwain miſhap ſhall rue,
To ſhare with him the pangs of wae?
And, when invading pains befal,
Wilt thou aſſume the nurſe's care,
Nor wiſhful thoſe gay ſcenes recal,
Where thou wait faireſt of the fair?

And, when at laſt thy love does die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repreſs each ſtruggling ſigh,
And chear with ſmiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his much lov'd clay,
Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear,
Nor then regret thoſe ſcenes ſo gay,
Where thou was faireſt of the fair?

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